

# CAPITAL CITY COURIER

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## AN OBSERVER'S THOUGHTS.

COMMENTS AND OPINIONS IN TYPE.

What He Sees, Hears, Thinks and Imagines.

Now that the delicious strawberry has shown itself on the market, the young blood wonders why the restauranter does not offer something more in keeping with his dilapidated purse. After a long winter of luxury, with oysters at sixty cents per dozen, the young man was dreaming of the great change that would come in with the gentle springtime, when ice cream at ten cents a plate would take the place of the oyster fry. But, alas! with the departure of the oyster season, comes the costly strawberry and the change for the better is but little. Strawberries and ice cream, fifty cents, with cake on the side! Yes, the best girl is a dear luxury and must be endured as well as enjoyed at an expense, no matter how much. The season for strawberry shortcake just at hand promises much to the average person at the boarding house, and when the matronly head of the table plunges the great long knife into the tempting cake, all eyes are here centered with expectancy of receiving great comfort and satisfying the craving of the inner man for something new and sweet. The cake is cut, and as in a lottery one in many gets a berry, and the other boards go on a still hunt for something they never find, for the strawberry they looked for never came.

The old wooden awning that has so long disgraced the O street side of Union block was torn away this week, and hereafter the canvas awning of progress will grace the fronts of the business houses represented there. A good many Lincoln people are not aware of the fact that block is the oldest brick building in the city, having stood there for nearly eighteen years. While it is not now so elegant as the Burr block, for instance, it shows that the pioneers of Lincoln built well. It is now only a question of time when it will be torn down and an elegant five or six story block erected. The property is one of the most valuable in the city fronting 150 on O street and twenty-five feet on Tenth, and the COURIER has often wondered why it has not been improved before this, as the rents now accruing are hardly a fair interest on the value of the lots. Were it in the hands of such men as the Burr brothers or others of the equal enterprise, who have faith in Lincoln and show it, a block as the Union now is would not be permitted to encumber the ground.

The Observer is delighted to learn that the gallant Prof. Mahler has finally concluded to return to Lincoln for another season, and will open his classes in dancing early in May. Society will be glad to welcome Mr. Mahler back again, as also his accomplished lady and charming little daughter Rosalind. It was an easy matter to get the desired fifty names and the prospects now are that his classes the coming season will be larger than ever. The Observer trusts Mr. Mahler will again favor us with a children's play.

The time for riding and driving having at last put in its claim for popularity, it would be well for our young folks who have a care for the rules and etiquette governing the same, particularly so now, for the condition of the roads call for much care in handling horses and vehicles. The particular fault found last summer was that ladies who were new at driving, were not posted as to which side to take when meeting those going in an opposite direction. For the benefit of all such I would say, turn to the right and you will be O. K. Bear this in mind.

### A Classical Course.



He—And so you are really attending a cooking school, Miss Clara?  
She (brightly)—Yes, and it is such fun.  
He—I suppose you can make nice bread, already?  
She—No, I have nothing to do with making bread; but I can make lovely angel cake. I am only taking the classical course.

It is a Curious Fact  
That the body is now more susceptible to benefit from medicine than at any other season. Hence the importance of taking Hood's Sarsaparilla now when it will do you the most good. It is really wonderful for purifying and enriching the blood, creating an appetite, and giving a healthy tone to the whole system. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla, which is peculiar to itself.

Better Accommodation.  
Union Pacific, "the overland route," continues to accommodate its patrons in the most satisfactory manner.

The latest move in this direction is the change of time between Valparaiso and Lincoln, whereby the residents of Valparaiso, Stromberg and intermediate points can visit Lincoln, "The State Capital," and return the same day.

Passengers can take either the regular passenger trains on that branch, or the local freight trains stopping at all stations, and running daily except Sunday.

Parasols and silk umbrellas in almost endless variety and at remarkably low prices, are shown by Ashby & Millsap.

## CALLING ON A FLORIST.

What Was Seen and Learned in a Few Moments Chat with Mr. Parsons.

While sauntering about the city Thursday a COURIER writer dropped in to chat on the season's gossip with Mr. Parsons of the Nebraska Floral company, and finding that gentleman busily engaged preparing a handsome floral pillow for a funeral, but willing to do two things at once, i. e., chat and work, we fired away.

"How has your business been since the opening?" asked the newspaper man.

"Well, we certainly feel encouraged over our prospects here," was the reply, "for ever since we opened our doors we have not seen a dull day. In fact, on several occasions we have had such rushes for flowers that once or twice the supply was almost exhausted. For instance, for the Booth-Barrett engagement we had nearly one hundred orders, mostly from city people, and quite a number from abroad who came in to see 'Julius Caesar,' and in fact ever since we have had an immense trade. We had laid in an extra supply, anticipating the rush, and by 8 o'clock we had only a few remnants left. We have no reason to complain, for our business has been greater than we expected for a starter."

"What is your specialty, Mr. Parsons?" asked the scribe.

"Our specialty? Well, we have several, principally, however, that of cut flowers for various kinds of bouquets and art designs," said the florist, and pointing to a lot of forms made of wire, he continued, "you see those designs on the wall. Well, that is the largest assortment and largest line of goods shown in Nebraska today," and as the COURIER man gazed over the variety of shapes he noticed designs for funerals, parties, weddings, etc., such as crosses, cross and crown, heart, pillars, harps, lyres, baskets, and the various emblems of the Masonic, Pythian, I. O. O. F. and other orders. In short, everything that can be found in the effete east can also be found in Lincoln.

"How do the people of Lincoln seem to take to these goods?" was asked.

"Judging from our brief experience thus far, we will have a big trade on floral designs. You see this pillow is for the funeral of Mr. J. J. Davis today, who is buried by the Pythian lodge, and these," pointing a short distance away, "are two other designs for the same affair. That handsome design, which was so much admired at the funeral of Dr. Fuller last Sunday was also from our establishment. It was a pillow with K. P. monogram and a Maltese cross attached at the top. Then at the various receptions and parties given since our opening we have had the pleasure of supplying more or less of the floral tributes."

"As to landscape work and plants for gardening, do you cater to that branch also?"

"What do you suppose we keep those plants for that you see in the window and on the floor, outside and inside? Why we pay particular attention to all such orders, and have a corps of competent men to whom all such work is entrusted. We are daily supplying potted plants to the finest houses of the capital city, who delight in having their homes beautified by the presence of flowering loveliness and natural perfume from nature's bloom. Yes, we are having a good trade in this line, and that, too, with the best people of the city."

"You might announce in the COURIER that we are already booking orders for flowers for Decoration day and commencement exercises, and in order to get just what our patrons want they had better leave orders early."

Having satisfied himself that the Nebraska Floral company was doing a good business, was a great success and had come to stay permanently, the reporter bade Mr. Parsons good day, and once more entered the thoroughfare of the busy city to see what could be seen and learn what could be learned for the benefit of COURIER readers.

Ariel Barney will be Miss Julia Marlowe's manager next season. The contract is for five years. Tom Keene, the tragedian, will probably be interested in the venture.

Lester Wallace's testimonial benefit takes place at the Metropolitan opera house, New York city, on the 25th, when Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett and other prominent actors and actresses will be seen in "Hamlet."

Miss Minnie Palmer sails for Europe May 20th on the Alaska, returning in December for a short starring tour of the larger cities. Minnie is getting exclusive; it is not so very long since that she was glad to strike a moderate sized town.

Louis James is a notorious guy at any and all times. One evening he was playing Romeo to sweet Marie Wainwright's Juliet. It was during the balcony scene, and the balcony was not all that could have been desired. Its chief drawback lay in the fact that it was so high that love-sick Romeo had a stiff neck from looking up at his pretty mistress. During a pause in the dialogue Mr. James audibly remarked to Juliet, "Come off your perch birdie, or I'll resign."

### No Time to Lose.

Convalescent (to physician)—I see your bill, doctor, calls for ten dollars. How much do you charge a visit?

Physician—Two dollars.

Convalescent—But you only called three times.

Physician—Five times, my friend, three times for treatment and twice for my money.

Convalescent—I guess I had better hurry and pay up.—Epoch.

### Theory and Practice.

Foreman—What was that disturbance on the stairway a minute ago?

Editor—Oh, that old bore of a Quinby called on me and I kicked him out.

"Good scheme. Now you'll have to write a column of stuff for me."

"Here's an article you can use. It is headed 'Politeness Pays.'—Nebraska State Journal.

The Reason He Is Rich.

"I see that the proprietor of a hotel in Washington is worth \$13,000,000," said a banker to a friend.

"Well, that's not to be wondered at."

"Because he used to be a porter in the house he now owns."—Hotel Mail.

In Mourning.

Mother—I am surprised, dear, to see you at the piano so soon after the death of your dear Uncle James, and "White Wings," too!

Daughter—Yes, mamma, but I'm only playing on the black keys.—New York Sun.

## THE THEATRICAL WORLD.

A WEEK'S REVIEW AND PROSPECTIVE.

Amusements for Next Week.—What Some of the Favorites are Doing.

SURELY the past week has presented enough attractions at the theater and of ample variety to satisfy the taste and desire of all classes. Every night except one, the Funke has been open and each attraction was a good one, although several might be termed as superior to others. The immense business of last week's attractions, principally that of the Booth-Barrett engagement had a telling effect on the audiences this week. The houses have been very fair in size, and one or two quite large, but the receipts of the five nights would have been much larger, had not the amusement lovers shown their great desire to see the tragedians. However there is usually a lull in the attendance at the playhouses all over the country after such advents and considering this the week has been a very good one and perhaps better than was expected.

Next week the boards of the Funke present comedy, opera and the drama, by excellent companies, opening Monday evening with Evans & Hoey in a "Parlor Match," Kate Bensberg opera company in "L'Eclair,"

THE MINSTRELS.

Only a fair-sized audience was present at Funke's Monday evening to see Wilson & Rankin's minstrels. The company is composed of some very good material, but taken as a whole their performance falls far below the standard. Aside from Wilson, Doyle and Carlton, there are no other minstrels worth mentioning. George Wilson, however, is a whole show in himself, and when he fails to amuse an audience, it must be a terribly big one. Carl Rankin was not with the company. The most interesting feature of the entertainment was the work of young Duval, who, as a comedian, is one of the best we have ever seen. He is a youth of perhaps sixteen years and performs feats that are truly wonderful. The monologue of George Wilson was received in the usual manner, and he was encored so often that he was compelled to beg off.

AN OPERATIC EVENT.

Tuesday evening's attraction at the Funke was one of the finest of the season, and for the amount of pleasure it afforded might be considered equally as enjoyable an event as the Booth-Barrett engagement, for what the latter was to our lovers of tragedy the former was equally as much to the lovers of the opera. We refer to the magnificent production of the "Gypsy Baron" by the Conried opera company. The company is composed of as fine a cast of melodious voices as we have ever heard in Lincoln; the choruses were strong and harmonious, and the best that has been heard in any of the operas rendered here in years.

The principal characters were well represented, and each elicited ample and merited applause. Miss Louisa Bianchi as Sofia, a gypsy girl, has a splendid soprano voice, which she admirably controls and uses with a melody that is both artistic and pleasing. Miss Lydia O'Neill very acceptably rendered the part of Arsena, the pig dealer's daughter. She has a clear, sweet voice and sings her lines distinctly with good effect. Among the artists was Jacques Krueger, an old Lincoln favorite who was here several years ago with the Skating Rink company. He takes the comedy role of the pig dealer, and was the cause of much merriment. He is a clever comedian and has a fine voice. Signor Taglieri, who assumes the role of the Exile and afterward becomes the Gypsy Baron, has an excellent soprano voice and did some creditable work during the evening, for which he received due approbation. In fact the entire cast was good, and as to particularize each member would take too much time and space, it is but just to credit the company with having rendered the most enjoyable opera season here this year.

The scenery was superb, especially that of the first act, in which is the hut of the old gypsy. The chorus contained fifty well trained voices.

A SOAP BUBBLE.

Wednesday evening T. J. Farron and company appeared in the new play of "Soap Bubble," a musical comedy, light as air, with one of the plots. There are many bright, touching songs, and a great deal of clever comedy of the Hoyt order. The singing of Miss Foster, Mr. Farron and Mr. Connelly are inviting of special mention, Connelly in fact being more of a favorite with the audience than Farron himself. The scenic effects were very fine, especially the first one, representing the house tops New York and the last, on board the yacht Skylark. The barber shop scene was well played by the various characters, and was undoubtedly one of the funniest ever seen on the stage of the Funke, the acting being supplemented by many mechanical devices productive of much laughter.

FRANK DANIELS.

This eminent comedian with a very fine company appeared at Funke's Thursday evening to a large audience. There is but one Frank Daniels, and there is but one man on earth that can play a comedy role as he does and that is himself. His style of acting is peculiarly his own; his odd way has been imitated by many, but never successfully, and his dialect has been copied by others, but to no fruitful results. As "Old Sport," in the "Rag Baby," he was considered good, but in "Little Puck" he even excels his former work. In the latter Mr. Daniels, as "Old Giltedge," is given more scope to display his natural comedy talent and the audience sees more of him. Miss Bessie Sanson does some good work as "Miranda," the daughter of Giltedge, and in the several specialties was well received.

The musical numbers were all of a catchy and pleasing nature, and as such were frequently encored and responded to. The Delectable "La Monte Cristo," was one of the predominating features of the evening and was proved the novelty of the season. Credit is due Harry Mack for the acceptable and pleasing manner in which he rendered the part of Giltedge's son. He is a thorough comedian and much of the success of the performance depends on him. In fact the entire company is far above the average support, and the ladies, who are all of fine form and physique, have good voices and assume their parts creditably.

THE RAJAH TONIGHT.

Seats have been on sale since yesterday for "The Rajah" and indications are the company will play to a large house tonight. This great play when first presented in New York had a run of 250 nights and large runs in various other metropolitan cities. The company, which is a large one has been well selected and the grand scenic effects will be produced tonight as on the New York production.

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### THE PARLOR MATCH.

For several seasons past this play has held its popularity in the metropolitan cities and delighted large audiences in the finest theaters of America, and now on its second tour across the continent plays an engagement of one night at the Funke next Monday. Of Evans & Hoey, the versatile comedians, there is naught to say. They have been the original for so long and given satisfaction to so many seekers for stage amusements, and known so well here and abroad that but to give the announcement should be sufficient to result in drawing a full house. Of their recent performance at Niblo's in New York the critic of the Herald thus writes:

"I am the embodiment of spirits!" He was full. That is to say, Captain Kidd's ancestor was supposed to be full of spiritualistic influence. He called together a large number of his friends in Niblo's theater last evening and gave them a scene. And a hilarious, side-splitting time they had. While searching for the missing treasure the Kidd struck a stream of mirth which bubbled up and flowed in all directions, from the stage to the audience. "A Parlor Match" made a merry evening. Messrs. Evans and Hoey may have had larger gatherings, perhaps, than that which last night greeted their bright and laughable production, but they haven't, they haven't for a long time now."

OPERA THURSDAY EVENING.

Many of our lovers of the opera will remember the engagement last season of the Bensberg opera company and their excellent performance, and will be pleased to learn that on next Thursday evening the company much strengthened and with new scenery and stage effects will appear at Funke's again. Miss Kate Bensberg, the vivacious prima donna, is still at the head of the organization and her support is said to be even better than that of last season. During an engagement at Louisville the following complimentary criticism appeared in the Courier-Journal of that city:

"Miss Kate Bensberg appeared as 'Martha.' She is a new candidate for lyric honors, having made her debut with the American opera company in New York this winter. Miss Bensberg has a clear soprano voice, very pure in quality and true in tone, and is eminently pleasing. In Flotow's graceful airs it was heard to advantage. Miss Bensberg sings with excellent expression and her methods are simple and artistic. She has evidently studied under thorough masters. Her singing of 'The Last Rose of Summer' enthused the audience, and the song had to be repeated. In the famous quartette in the second act, she sang admirably."

NOTES ABOUT PLAYERS.

Bertha Welby returns to the stage next season.

Lawrence Barrett has his life insured for \$120,000.

"She" is coining money on the road. The season of this company closes May 5th.

Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett drew \$9,287 in two performances at Salt Lake City.

The Hanlon's Fantasma company begin a tour of the large cities of New England this week.

Little Josef Hofmann, the boy pianist, has arrived in Berlin, where he will complete his education.

Arthur B. Chase, director of the Booth-Barrett company, is interested in the profits of the tour.

Fanny Davenport produces "La Tosca" at the Baldwin theatre, San Francisco, on the 28th of next month.

The gross receipts of the Booth-Barrett tour this season are estimated to be upwards of one million dollars.

Miss Ellen Terry and Henry Irving sailed for England a few weeks since. Miss Terry's destination was Heidelberg and Mr. Irving's London.

Robert Mantell is meeting with much success on his Western tour. This week he appeared in St. Louis, and on Monday reaches Kansas City.

Lawrence Barrett has re-engaged for next season all of the company that has this season supported himself and Mr. Booth, with the exception of Ed. Buckley, who left the company when his thirty weeks were up.

Brockmann's Monkey theatre company is the name of a new combination that appears at the Star theatre, New York, next Monday evening. These monkey actors are said to do everything but talk, and have produced something of a sensation in Germany for a number of years. After a two week's season of tragedy, the dumb acting of the Darwinians is hailed with

An Afflicted Man.

"You look hard today, Bingley."

"I feel hard. Didn't get a wink of sleep all night."

"How was that?"

"Had the toothache."

"I was awake all night too. A fellow in the next room was playing a Jewsharp."

"Great Scott! I imagined that I suffered."

—Nebraska State Journal.

For a Game Dinner.

Young Housekeeper—Have you canvas back duck?

Butcher—No, but I have some nice geese.

Young Housekeeper—Very well, you may send a nice canvas back goose.—Life.

The Letter That Never Came.

A letter with the following address has just been sent to the dead letter office:

Sylvester Brown, a web faced snob.

To whom this letter wants to go.

Is copying word for his grab.

La River City, Idaho.

## SIGHT SEEING IN LONDON.

FROM THE LOFTY TOP OF A 'BUS.

What May be Seen in a Morning's Drive in the World's Metropolis.

AT Charing Cross, you can get upon the top of an omnibus and for one to four pence you can ride from one to four miles in any direction. These omnibuses are the best made and equipped in the world, except it be in Paris.

The largest and most active horses, mostly Clydesdales, and drivers who know every thing about the streets of London. These stages hold twelve inside and seats for fourteen on top and they are always full. I prefer to have my seat near the driver. It took me a little while to get familiar with their London vernacular, but soon it becomes very plain. "Your horses seem in very fine condition, and are at no effort to pull this heavy stage and twenty six passengers," I said to the driver. "Well, we only work them two and a half hours in the day and they have good care and feed." I asked where they were bred. "Some in England, but most of them comes from the continent." Our first ride was through Whitehall and Parliament streets, starting from near Nelson's monument on Trafalgar square. Two of the enormous bronze lions looking toward the parliament houses and the statue of Charles I on the left we pass the Royal White Hall chapel.

We may recall some of the historical associations of this interesting locality, crowded with the memories of the past generations. Some one has said "where every step is upon ground sacred to a hundred memories."

Drummond's bank is on the right side; only forty feet to the west is an open space called "Cromwell's yard," where he once lived, but a little further down is the site of Peterborough house from which it is said Archbishop Usher attempted to view the execution of Charles I, whose monument we have just passed. It took place before Whitehall gardens on the opposite side. The poor archbishop could not endure the sight, "fainted," was taken down and put to bed.

We are now at the Admiralty. Nelson and Wellington, it is said, never met but once and that for a few minutes accidentally, in one of the waiting rooms at the Admiralty, just before Nelson sailed to fight and win the victory of Trafalgar. The First Lord of the Admiralty receives \$25,500 and the whole patronage of the navy, together with a fine residence.

"Scotland Yard" is said to have derived its name from an ancient palace of the Scottish kings. Scotland Yard is now known far and wide as the headquarters of the metropolitan police, who lately drove the mob from around Nelson's monument. Milton, when he was secretary to Cromwell, lodged in Scotland Yard, and his son died while he resided here. The great architects of London, Inigo Jones and Sir Christopher Wren, while filling the offices of crown surveyors, had rooms in Scotland Yard.

An old writer says: "Till the last of the reign of Charles II, when Heming contracted to supply a lamp before every tenth door, the streets were left in profound darkness. Thieves and robbers plied their trade with impunity. Dissolute young men amused themselves for many generations swaggered about breaking windows, upsetting sedan chairs, beating quiet men, etc. Even so late as 1716 the lighting of London streets was only provided by an enactment 'that all housekeepers shall in every dark night, i. e., every night between the second night after each full moon, set or hang out one or more lights, with sufficient cotton wicks, that shall burn from 6 p. m. till 11 p. m., on penalty of one shilling.' Watchmen to the number of 1000 were supposed to guard the city at night, each inhabitant having to take duty in turn. But few left their homes in obedience to these summons, many preferring the alehouse to the streets."

The slow progress of reform in England may be understood from the fact that these old watchmen were not abolished until 1829 by Sir Robert Peel's government, and the present police system instituted. The police were hence called "Peelers" and "Bobbies," a which sobriquet the populace in London still use.

Whitehall extends to the Thames on one side and to St. James park on the other. Every spot here is historic, on which volumes have been written. "York palace," which the Archbishop of York resided, came afterwards into the hands of Henry VIII., who was so much pleased with it that he made it his own residence and changed its name to Whitehall. See Shakespeare's Henry VIII., act iv., scene 1:

You must no more call it York place; that is past; For, since the Cardinal fell, that title's lost; 'Tis now the kings and called Whitehall.

Henry VIII. married Anne Boleyn in a closet in Whitehall and here celebrated their coronation.

Opposite the Royal chapel, Whitehall, are the military headquarters of the Horse guards. Standing in the two main entrances to St. James park parade grounds are always seen by day, two mounted horse guards like two equestrian statues, so perfect in equipment and motionless are horses and riders. For fancy military pomp they are a decided success—what their prowess in actual war might be is a question.

From our seats on the top of the 'bus, we get a view of the treasury buildings, Downing street, the colonial offices, beyond which you have a fine view of Westminster hall, the Houses of Parliament and their two lofty towers rising far above the turrets of Westminster Abbey directly opposite.

Charles I. was beheaded in front of the banqueting house, Whitehall, facing the present Horse guards. "He was led along the galleries to the banquet house, through the walls of which a passage was broken to the scaffold. A man in a closed visor stood ready to perform the office of executioner. After the king's brief address to the few who could hear him and his last words to Bishop Juxon, the king laid his head upon the block and the executioner struck it off at a single blow. Another visored official picked it up, then immediately held it forward, all dripping with blood, for the crowd to see and exclaim: 'This is the head of a traitor.'"

Those were the days of England's shame, when court and people were demoralized and little virtue abounded. A radical reform was needed, and the Puritan Cromwell was called to guide the state. He could sing psalms with a pious nasal accent, and at the same

time quietly order the execution of a king and the enemies of his rule.

I have stood upon the spot in Westminster Abbey where Cromwell was buried, in the recess at the end of Henry VIII's chapel. On the first anniversary of the death of Charles I. the bodies of Oliver Cromwell, Ireton and Bradshaw were torn from their graves, and still wearing their armor, were hung on Tyburn gallows from sunrise to sunset.

We were shown from the top of our bus the site of this famous gallows, where many good and bad men met their doom. It was during a ride on the Edgware road to Paddington, now in the heart of London. Beyond the eastern limits of Hyde Park pallings runs Park Lane, now the most aristocratic section formerly known as Tyburn Lane, which leads directly to Tyburn gallows, and as near as can be ascertained stood on the site of Connaught Place, Edgware road.

We are now opposite the "Royal United Service Institution" in Whitehall yard. We get down from our lofty perch on the top of the 'bus and enter a ticket being furnished us by the secretary. It is a vast collection of ancient and modern arms, an armory of warlike relics and models, a sort of a curiosity shop for military people.

While there are many interesting relics here on view, we spent the greater part of the hour on the first floor, where is exhibited Captain Siborne's model of the battle of Waterloo. It contains 190,000 figures, representing the military movements of cavalry, artillery and infantry of that famous battle field. Our subsequent visit to the actual battle field, near Brussels in Belgium, lent additional interest to our visit.

The old buildings known as Whitehall were burned in 1698. Macaulay thus describes it: "A Dutch woman who was employed as a laundress at Whitehall lit a charcoal fire in her room and placed some linen around it. The linen caught fire and burned furiously, and the tapestry, bedding and wainscots were soon in a blaze, the unhappy woman who had done the mischief perishing in the flames. All Westminster, all the Strand, all the river were soon in commotion, but before midnight the King's apartments were all destroyed."

At present all this street is built with splendid edifices, most of which are used as government offices, where the momentous affairs of the home and foreign departments of the British government are transacted. We must pass on to St. Margaret's chapel, close by Westminster Abbey. It is filled with the memories of the past. That which interested most an American is the beautiful "West window," presented by a number of Americans in memory of Sir Walter Raleigh, the famous soldier, courtier, poet, historian, and founder of the state of Virginia, (in honor of his Queen Elizabeth) whose headless body was buried in the chapel of this church, after he was executed in Palace yard, hard by, to gratify the old malice of Spain. Mr. J. R. Lowell, then American minister, contributed the inscription for the window:

The New World's sons—from England's breast we drew

Such milk as bids remember whence we came;

Proud of her Past from which our Present grew, This window we inscribe with Raleigh's name.

Our visit to the Parliament House was made under very pleasant circumstances, as we happened on the night when England's great statesman, Gladstone, made his eloquent defense of Ireland and Home Rule.

SUMMA.

How He Got Even.

A young man failed to receive an invitation to a surprise party to which many that he knew were specially invited. He brooded over it awhile and then stole a march on all the others by inviting the young lady in whose honor the party was to go with him to the theatre. Not knowing of any other arrangement she gladly accepted, and after the performance he suggested a lunch, thereby making the other party, kept waiting for her return, literally one of surprise.—Boston Times.

You Can't Meet Always, Tag.

Sweet maid, what anxious thoughts to-night

Keep you lingering here on the stair?

Are you thinking of eyes that with love's deep light

Pleaded with yours a share?

Ah, no! A far more important thing

Troubled the throbbing brain,

As up the winding stairs she swept,

Daintily holding her train.

She was wondering if, at the coming ball,

With a little artistic taste,

She could make that look like another dress,

By wearing a different waist.

Feathers in Flat Cars.

"I heard a good story the other day pertaining to one of the best known railroad men in the northwest. It seems when he first started out in the business he was made station agent, operator, etc., at a point a few miles distant from Cincinnati. He was young, verdant and exceedingly fresh for a youth of his immature years. It was also the general opinion that his knowledge of the science of railroading was somewhat limited. So one balmy spring afternoon it was determined to make the test. Accordingly one of the heaviest shippers of the town walked into the office and solemnly inquired the tariff on loose feathers shipped on flat cars.

A careful perusal of the tariff sheets was made in vain; but being anxious to oblige the shipper he promptly wired to the general freight agent of the road asking the rate. And it was not until the emphatic, not to say profane, answer of the general freight agent was received that the absurdity of the thing